

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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THE WORLD'S WANT.

"Tis courage that mankind doth chiefly need
Courage the false to scorn, though fair and smooth;
Courage to seek and shrink not from the truth;
Courage, if need be, for its sake to bleed;
Courage to brand as false an evil creed;
Courage to welcome worth in garb uncouth;
Courage to keep in age the spirit of youth;
Courage the cry of faintheart not to heed.
Tis courage only can the world redeem
From all the nightmare ills it suffers under;
Without it even the best and wisest scheme
To mend it will prove a futile blunder;
Error and tyranny must rule supreme.
Till men shall dare to rend their chains asunder."
—BERTRAM DOBELL.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTIS.

Should the McGowan Government do right from a working-class viewpoint, this paper will give it credit.

When the McGowan Government does wrong from a working-class viewpoint, this paper will give it hell.

An Industrial Unionist, who visited Sydney prior to the elections, wrote to the *MacKay, Q.* *Pioneer*: "The Labor Party is going to be returned with sufficient numbers to enable them to occupy the Treasury benches, but they are going to be returned on the back of Peter Bowling. Candidates who never did a day in the industrial army in their lives, and who know nothing of the economic movement, are fiercely yelling 'Leg-ions!'"

S.J.B., who also sends the names of a number of new subscribers, writes from Chiblers, Q.: "I am glad to see that the literary quality of our paper is being maintained, and well maintained, too, and that there is no abatement in the militancy of its policy. May it prove to be an ever-growing menace to the rule of Spoil and Toil."

In S.A. Legislative Council, Chief Secretary Wallis (who is a member of the Typographical Society), was asked "if his attention had been called to the brutal assault on a driver in Rundle-street, and whether it was the intention of the Government to provide greater protection in Rundle-street. (Loud cheers.)"

The Chief Secretary said he had heard that a driver was assaulted by three men that morning. He thought hon. members would recognise that only three cures would assault one man, who was at a disadvantage, and he assured them that the men who committed the assault took good care in the first instance to observe whether any police were about. He understood that no police were about at the time at the particular spot.

So, in Mr. Wallis's eyes, the unionists on strike are cures, who commit crimes only when the police are not about.

The biggest crime the S.A. workers appear to be guilty of is the presence of a political and industrial scab like Mr. Wallis in the S.A. Parliament.

China is rapidly becoming a Christian country. A serious financial crisis is reported from Shanghai, and some of the banks have suspended payment.

The complete cost of the Australian naval unit (said Senator Pearce) would be £3,695,000, and the estimated cost of the upkeep, including pay, was £500,000 annually.

And still the Labor Government can't find money to pay decent remuneration to its brutally sweated postal and other employees, or adequate pensions to the aged workers.

In S.A. Assembly, Labor Premier Verran assured the leader of the Opposition that he was doing everything "to preserve law and order" (which, being interpreted, means to safeguard the employers' interests) in the asphalt strike. He read the following notice issued by the Government:

"The police will carry out their duty in regard to the protection of person and property. Anyone rendering himself liable to arrest, by committing a breach of the peace, or inciting thereto, will have to abide by the consequences of his actions, as under ordinary circumstances."

Which makes it clear that John Verran and Co. are with the robbers and against the workers every time.

"The Unionist from conviction leads; the law-made Unionist drags."

A Boggabri subscriber writes to the Literature Secretary re the Red Mark and other matters: "It pained me very much, I can assure you, to see that mark. I meant to send my sub. along earlier, and also something for the Press Fund. I have not forgotten you and those brave souls who are fighting for the cause. My mate and I are doing our best to get subscribers. Send along a dozen papers weekly."

If you want to do good work for Socialism take a leaf out of our Boggabri friend's book.

When the eight-hours agitation was at its height in New Zealand, a labor orator had occasion to visit a small town, and made the journey on horseback. It was fairly early in the morning when he started out, and a mile or two along the road he saw a Maori stretched out under a shady tree. Coming from a British industrial centre, this struck him as peculiar. Returning about sunset, he was yet more surprised to see the Maori still there. The orator was an amateur horseman, and by this time was feeling quite stiff and sore; so he welcomed the opportunity to dismount, and, flinging himself down by the Maori's side, opened up a conversation by telling the dozing dark man how he had been trying to interest the people in favor of working only eight hours a day. Suddenly the Maori woke up, and his wide-open eyes betrayed both wonder and protest and pity. "WHAT?" he said—"Eight hours a day! EIGHT HOURS A DAY! Pakeha dauphoo! Why, one hour sufficient for Maori."

Australian eight-hours men are recommended to study diligently the lesson which the foregoing paragraph teaches.

Wade wanted to appoint himself to the Chief Justiceship, but the *Daily Telegraph* refused to give its consent, and threatened to fling C.G. out on his ear if he persisted in working the job. After the *Telegraph* had bounced and bluffed him out of giving himself the appointment, the Leg-ions man went around the country in a motor-car, saying to the people: "Look at me. See what I sacrificed for you! I was offered the Chief Justiceship, and wouldn't take it because I wanted to remain in your service." Some of the Fool Crowd cheered him. They couldn't see that the only way a man like Mr. Wade could render them lasting service by sacrificing himself would be by borrowing the piece of rope which Judas used.

The chairman of a recent Liberal meeting at Rydalmere was a local ablerman, with the significant name of Legins. After listening to a portion of the Leg-ions candidate's speech, he dropped dead. He suffered with a weak heart, and the shock was too much for him.

Labor-members Mulesby and Crawford rattled to the Bible-in-State-Schools side when the vote on that question was taken recently in Q. Assembly. *MacKay Pioneer* submits that they should be labelled Opportunists. "They have earned the praises of the 'wowers' to the disgust of the movement that took them in and fed them," says the *Pioneer*.

Judging by Crawford's record, we reckon he took the L.P. crowd in and "did" them.

The Labor Government takes sides with the employers against the unionists in Adelaide. The daily press reports that when an effort was made to reopen the asphalt works with scab labor, the Verran Government had a large detachment of police on the spot to overawe the unionists. Messrs. Dale and H. S. Clarke, secretary and town organizer for the U.L.U., were present. A crowd of 2000 people resented the Government's action, and showed sympathy with the strikers. There was a collision between the police and the strikers, the people being batoned freely by Verran's police. "A man who appeared to have been clubbed," says a daily paper, "was arrested by three policemen." The blacklegs were escorted away by large police guards.

Ex-Labor-member Fowler is endeavoring to work a political outrage through the House of Representatives. He wants to force through a law "to allow the Federal Government to deport undesirable aliens who have committed crimes other than the crimes of violence."

The idea is to get power to deal with Socialists from other countries.

B. R. Wise—to be appointed judge by McGowan and Co., at Holman's behest—says that when he was Attorney-General, he gave Leg-ions Wade, then Crown Prosecutor, EIGHT MONTHS' LEAVE OF ABSENCE ON FULL PAY, in order to enable him to build up a private practice!

If Wise is correctly reported, then on his own showing he was a fearfully corrupt and dishonest Attorney-General.

It's safe to bet that while Wise was Attorney-General he never gave any seven-hob-a-day man "eight months' leave of absence on full pay in order to enable him to build up a private practice."

Wade doesn't deny that Wise permitted him to bleed the treasury for eight months' pay which he never earned. He simply says that Wise's attack on himself is due to the fact that he wouldn't make Wise a judge.

Which reminds us of an old saying about "when lawyers fall out."

At the Anglican Synod "Captain" Horton said he wouldn't call any people a nation unless they could meet and kill the enemy at their gates.

The Anglican Synod, it might be mentioned, is supposed to be a Christian gathering.

"Duty calls me to S' Africa!" says Fisher, as he goes off to holmoh with "a greater collection of scoundrels and scoundrels than could be produced by the joint exertions of the governors of Dartmoor, Devil's Island, and Darlinghurst," as "Austral" puts it in *Vic. Socialist*.

"Duty calls me to Melbourne!" said Admiral Poore when Cup Day was coming round.

"Duty calls me to New Zealand!" said Wade, what time he fled from N.S.W. when the deep waters of the coal revolt threatened to submerge him.

"Duty calls me to Oodnadatta!" said John Verran, as he raced away from the industrial problem with which the U.L.U. offered to sandbag him.

"Duty calls me to Gibraltar!" said King Manuel, when the troops were revolting and the guns booming and the royal palace threatening to tumble about his silly ears.

It's remarkable what a habit Duty has of calling at certain critical periods.

At Parramatta on Saturday Mr. Hughes said the Arbitration Act was the direct child of the Labor Party.—*News Item*.

Sure! It is an illegitimate—child of political shame, the immoral result of the Labor Party's liaison with the corrupt See-Wise Party.

A Melbourne correspondent, who asks that his name be kept out of print "because he is working in a place where the boss sneaks every one known to be a Socialist," writes:

"They are trying to stop our Sunday lectures and entertainments here just as they stopped yours in Sydney, in an endeavor to strike a blow at the Socialist Party. It is said that the Rev. Edgar was the first person to start Sunday entertainments, and now he is first to sing out about them. The religious element is, of course, behind this attempt to crush our Sunday lectures."

It is interesting to note that the Salvation Army at Baywater gets all the neglected boys from the State. These boys range from all ages. The Army is paid from 5s to 15s a week for them by the State, and the boys have to work from 6 in the morning till late at night, without either coats or boots, in all sorts of weather. This is what they name Religion.

"Socialism advocates equality of opportunity for all, demands that work be provided for all, says that wealth collectively produced should be used for the benefit of all. Socialism also demands that all the people be well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, and well-educated."

"Because Socialism stands for all these things, and because it therefore endangers the profit-making which comes from the enslavement of boys as mentioned above, as well as from the enslavement of the workers as a whole, we have such a crusade as is now being made against scientific lectures on Sunday evenings."

Government employees at Narandera were given a rise of 6d a day, and the Labor member growled over what he had gained for them. But the boarding-house keepers immediately raised their charges from 14s to 16s a week.

The secretary of the Coast district branch of the Federated Engine-drivers and Firemen in his report to his executive, says:

"Many breaches of the awards are reported from the northern and southern coal mining districts, and in reference to the coast district award, but so far summonses have not been issued, as it has been deemed advisable to wait until those that have already been filed have been dealt with. Personally, I am inclined to say it is a farce to appeal to either the Industrial or the Registrar's Court for penalties, seeing that the employers are able to laugh at the fines inflicted, and know that by having strong counsel and using a deal of bluff, they have a chance of defeating the union, and causing them to have to pay heavy costs."

More evidence of the Failure of Awards.

James Moran, a child of 16, was sent to Goulburn jail for a year for stealing from his stepfather. The judge told him he "hoped he would learn a trade in jail, so that he might become a decent member of society."

Surely no judge is so extremely stupid as to think a boy is likely to get a chance to become "a decent member of society" when he leaves jail. Jail itself always leaves a lad worse than it finds him—its environment is so utterly damning; its separate, bread-and-water, plank-bed system so totally revolting; its despotism and its tyranny so brutally spirit-breaking; its terms of solitary so magnificently successful in developing all that is savage and vicious in the ordinary human! Besides the police system outside can generally be relied upon to see that no man once jailed gets a square chance to live as a "decent member of society" would like to live.

When a grey-headed old Bishop moved, at the Anglican Synod, to change the name of the Church in Australia, Canon Archdall declared that he was "grieved that such extreme revolutionary notions should be brought before the Synod."

The following is fairly indicative of the Opportunism that flourishes like a green bay tree in the Labor Party paddock:

Mr. Rily, Labor candidate, at Bega was asked, "Are you in favor of the nationalisation of land?"

Mr. Rily: "No, I am not. It would be impracticable. If it were practicable, I would be in favor of it; but where is the money to come from. Although it is on my platform, it is No. 22; so there are 21 planks before it."

Commercial morality:

Edward William Boyle, at the Newtown Court, was fined £2 6s for not keeping his licensed premises free from offensive matter.

R. Wood was fined £10 6s at the Balmain Court for selling olive oil which had been adulterated. The analysis showed that a bottle sold by him as olive oil contained 50 per cent. of cotton-seed oil.

George Lee Wood, for selling "dripping" which had been artificially colored, was fined £10 6s.

Arthur Charles Ward, 18 years of age, was the other day sent to jail for six months on a charge of burglary. The evidence showed that he was the victim of a brutal environment. All a capitalistic court could do for him was to send him to jail. And they are still crying out that Socialism would destroy the home. The only home they can permanently offer the children of the worker is the jail.

The penny they pay for motherhood in the Class State:

A daily paper reports that "a prepossessing young woman was charged at the Central Court with having unlawfully abandoned a male child about two weeks old. There were certain mitigating circumstances in which the child was alleged to have been deserted. The girl, who was unmarried, had endeavored to have the child admitted to the Ashfield Infants' Home, but it had been refused admission. The child had been discovered on the verandah of Mrs. Booth at Marrickville."

The girl-mother was committed for trial. Some day, when people become civilised and Socialism prevails, the mother will not be brutally punished for her motherhood, nor will the child be subjected to cruel suffering because of its innocent presence in the world. Human society of the Civilised Future will welcome the baby.

Receipt of Sample Copy of this Paper is an invitation to you to become a Subscriber.

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H. E. MOLLAND, Editor.

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Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Tuesday, 8—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

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A Red Mark

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Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

"But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."
— ROBERT SOUTHEY ("Battle of Blenheim.")

The Labor Party's Victory.

BY H. E. MOLLAND.

OCTOBER 14 has come and gone, to the doleful music of the tolling of the deathknell of the Leg-Irons Party of the Past and the tintinnabulations that acclaimed the triumph of the Leg-Irons Party of the Future. The Labor Party in the State has its MAJORITY. For the better part of 20 years every charge levelled by the Revolutionary Socialists, every demand that the Labor Party should make some show of justifying its claim to be regarded as of the working class, has been met with the wail: "What can we do while we're in the minority. Give us a majority, and then we'll show you." Through 20 years the Labor Party has struggled towards the achievement of that majority. To secure it, every working-class principle has been abandoned or subordinated to the interests of the small exploiting class. The tailors were flung to the sweating wolves to placate Hordern and the manufacturing interests; the coal lumpers were deserted in a four months' struggle because to support them might have caused country farmers to withdraw their votes from the Labor Party; the tram strikers were sold out and the strike converted into a stampede because its logical extension to the railways would have injured the money interests of the country farmers; the Sydney Rockchoppers were denounced because they struck against the Wade Government; the Broken Hill unionists and their leaders were censured because their tactics during the lockout trended in the direction of Industrial Unionism; the coal strike was deliberately wrecked with the assistance of the Labor Prime Minister and the reprehensible Iscariot who is now Acting-Prime Minister, and Peter Bowling and the other leaders were ruthlessly thrown into jail with Labor Party assistance, because the continuance of the strike was threatening the interests of the western farmers particularly and the business people in general.

In spite of these damning evidences of traitorism to working-class interests, still the cry rang out: "Wait till we have got a majority!"

With the setting of the sun on October 14 came the majority. The Labor Party won—and while the plaudits of the crowd were ringing from city centre to suburban limit, Labor Party speakers, from the balcony of the Worker office in Bathurst-street, were paving the way for the Labor Party's failure to "make good" in the days and the years that stretch ahead. Mr. J. C. Watson, ex-Labor Prime Minister, very correctly stated the situation—as it has been stated over and over again by this paper, as well as by every second speaker on the Revolutionary Socialist platform. Mr. Watson said:

Despite the fears of many of the capitalists of this State, I can confidently say that nothing in the Labor policy will be a menace to legitimate investment. NOTHING IN OUR POLICY IS DELIBERATELY DIRECTED AGAINST CAPITAL, excepting only where the interests of the masses are likely to be affected. We aim only at the abolition of abuses. Trusts, combines, unfair amalgamations of every kind, must be prevented on behalf of the people, but otherwise I CAN SEE NOTHING IN THE INTENTIONS OF THE LABOR PARTY THAT WILL INTERFERE WITH THE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL. The opportunities for investment that occurred under Liberal rule will certainly not be lessened by Labor government, and while the opportunities exist you may be sure that Capital will not refrain from availing itself of them merely because its representatives are put out of political power.

We repeat that we have no hesitation whatever in saying that Mr.

Watson has correctly stated the position from a Labor Party standpoint. But it is not a position that will suit the working class. This is the gall and the wormwood of the awakening that has to come to the working-class of New South Wales, as it is slowly coming to the workers of South Australia, as it is beginning to come to the workers of all Australia through the Federal Parliament.

Look well into Mr. Watson's pronouncement. "Nothing in our policy is deliberately directed against capital." . . . Nothing in the intentions of the Labor Party will interfere with the investment of capital. What is capital? Is it not that portion of wealth—the stolen product of labor—that is employed as an instrument to still further rob Labor? The "investment of capital" means the plundering of Labor; and when the Labor Party resolutely declines to make any interference with the investment of capital, it resolutely declines to stop the robbery of Labor by the capitalist; it goes further, and promises the capitalist that it will provide him with opportunities to plunder Labor equal to those which he enjoyed under the Liberal regime.

"Trusts, combines, unfair amalgamations of every kind," says Mr. Watson, are to be "prevented on behalf of the people," and we remember that it was only the other day, comparatively speaking, that Mr. Hughes declared that trusts are the inevitable and logical development of present-day conditions, and that it is simply folly to talk about preventing them—even though he is to-day flinging dust in the blinking eyes of an abnormally developed Fool Crowd by shouting through the daily press that he is now out to prevent the trusts. We will suppose these pronouncements and counter-pronouncements are part of the game political, and not the outcome of political bewilderment and economic dullness, and in the meantime will proceed to analyse the Labor Party's position with regard to capital, as authoritatively stated by Mr. Watson.

The class struggle grows out of the ownership by the Capitalist Class of the means of wealth production and the resultant economic enslavement of the vast majority. The whole fight of Labor versus Capitalism is a fight to decide who shall own the land, the mines, the mills, the factories, the ships, etc.—the factors of wealth production. Until this question of ownership is decided nothing of very material benefit to the workers will be decided. All through history it has followed that the product of Labor belonged to the OWNER of the tool with which Labor created the means to live.

Therefore, when the Labor Party says, through Mr. Watson, that "nothing in its policy is deliberately directed against Capital," it tells the wage-slave in fairly cool language that it has no quarrel with the system that makes a slave of him; and when the Labor Party further declares that there is nothing in its intentions "that will interfere with the investment of Capital," it is making clear to the useless, idle class that owns the land and tools—and robs the working-class by reason of such ownership—that it will do nothing to stop the worker from being robbed; and again when it is announced that the "opportunities for investment" (in other words, opportunities to rob Labor) "that occurred under Liberal rule will certainly not be lessened by Labor government," it may be taken as an assurance that the Labor Party will help along the operations of the robber class both by enactment and administration.

In South Australia, the Labor Government is giving proof of its sincerity in this direction. The industrial workers are being batoned

and brutally assaulted by the police under orders from the middle-class "Labor" rulers; unionists are dragged to the prison cells, and jailed for weeks and months without the option of a fine, by order of the Labor Attorney-General; the Labor Chief Secretary has branded the striking unionists as curs and cowards, and the Labor Premier has assured a House (employer and Labor member alike) that cheered that he will preserve Law and Order—that he will jail more unionists if in the interests of the employers such a step is found necessary.

Like the McGowen Party, the Verran Party went into Parliament for no revolutionary purpose whatever—to make no fundamental change whatever; each party went there to uphold the existing order of things—went there to conserve the interests of the exploiters of Labor, while tickling the ears of Fool Labor with straws of empty platitudes—went there to "legislate for all classes."

As if, in a class-divided, class-antagonised Society like ours, any Party could legislate for all classes. So wide and deep is the gulf of class interests that divides the owning class from the working class that neither Government nor party nor individual may glibly talk about legislation to benefit "all classes" without inviting either the charge of stupidity or that of dishonesty. Every law—every administrative act—of the McGowen Party that benefits the employing class will be an assassin dagger-thrust in the heart of industrial labor. Likewise, every law and every administrative act that benefits the working class will injure the employing class. This is the inexorable rule—more unalterable than the laws of the Medes and Persians—which the clashing of conflicting class-interests has written on the historical pages of bourgeois society.

If the McGowen Party isn't going to legislate against the interests of the employing class, and we know it is not, then the McGowen Party is not going to be of any use to the working class except as an educational factor—to prove to the workers that, even with its majority, the Labor Party has neither the power nor the inclination to help the workers to achieve their emancipation, and that this is so because no political party has ever yet been known to move contrary to the interests that go to build its economic foundations, and the interests that preponderate in the foundations on which the Labor Party's platform rests are the interests of the middle-class—the exploiters.

For nearly twenty-years, in spite of Socialist protestations and teaching, the workers have "banned out their souls" and listened for the Labor Party's victory. "Wait till we get our majority!" they have cried. Abuse, contumely, invective, they have directed against us because we rejected their middle-class politics. Victory—empty, hollow, political victory—has now come their way; and for them the day of victory is the dawning of failure.

From the view-point of the interests of the exploiting class the victorious Labor Party may make good. It will fail utterly and hopelessly from a working-class view-point; it is not humanly possible for it to do other than fail—because it repudiates Labor's claim to all the wealth that Labor creates; it denies the class struggle; it recognises the right of Capitalism to rob Labor; it proclaims that it will maintain the present system, which rests on a foundation of slavery.

With the Labor Party's victory comes the wider and grander opportunity for Revolutionary Socialism. The workers are to be given their bitter lesson in the futility of expediency tactics and palliative measures; they are to be awakened out of their lethargic slumbering; and J. McGowen and Co. are to do the awakening in N.S.W. The duty of the Socialist movement is now summed up in one word: EDUCATE! Organisation naturally follows education. The call must then go forth for revolutionary organisation on BOTH THE INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL FIELD. The workers' strength must find expression in Industrial Unionism, working hand-in-hand with the fighting party of Revolutionary Socialism.

Open Letter to Perth Tramway Men.

BY AN EX-TRAMWAY MAN.

You who have just emerged from the throes of industrial warfare, and are smarting under the suffering the strike entailed, are probably not in the humor to take advice from an outsider.

I have carefully perused the Westralian papers, and have noticed that in spite of the brave fight the handful of you put up, you have been unjustly treated in the law courts and misrepresented in the press. The one refreshing aspect is that a few of your Labor members had courage to stand out with you. This is directly opposite to the attitude adopted by Labor politicians here who deliberately fooled the Sydney tramway men and crushed their strike.

I do not wish to open old sores by painful references to the incidental features of the strike, but, reading between the lines of the press, I could not help noticing how side issues were magnified and the real issue carefully avoided by capitalist press, judges, and politicians.

Your strike, like all strikes, important as it may have seemed to you in the heat of the conflict, was only an outward manifestation of the class struggle waging in society.

Bitter as is the memory of that class struggle and the sufferings it entailed on you, do not let minor questions obscure the issue, otherwise you will be in exactly the same or possibly a worse position when the next trouble occurs.

In all countries we see that when a section of the working class go on strike, the forces of vested interest combine to defeat them. The strikers may possibly receive a little help from other unions or individuals, but the employer, having the press, the pulpit, the law, and other forces prostituted to his interests, can always win. He can crush a union if necessary, only it frequently pays him for political reasons to give you a sop to keep you off the right trail—which is Industrial Unionism.

As long as he can delude you with sophistry and raise prejudice and dissension in your ranks, he will trade on your ignorance of economics.

All these schemes of wages boards, arbitration courts, and so forth, are mere red herrings the employer throws across your trail to lure you into the clutches of the law.

Nationalisation of the tramways is also futile, because the Government that buys out the Company, and runs the cars with cheap fares, will be forced to make up the money by sweating you. The Sydney tramways are a good illustration of this fact.

Doubtless you feel bitter against the men who worked the cars during the strike. But reflect that these scabs are driven by economic necessity just the same as the prostitute on the street to this action. Further, they are probably ignorant men who do not understand industrial matters, and whose moral sense of strikes is crushed out in the face of starvation. Your policy is to try and educate these men up to the standard of class-conscious action, so that the whole mass of the employees may be united, not divided. As long as a section of the men are divided industrially, they are impotent politically, and no political saviour or leader can lead you out of bondage. Only that political action which is backed with the solid support of industrial organisation will avail you anything.

Craft unionism is out of date.

As an old tramway man, I have had some experience of these matters. I have been in other countries, and have read extensively on the matter, and the only solution for industrial trouble I can see is for the unions to come together in class-conscious unity on the industrial and political field. Once this is done, there will be no more sweating, no more strikes, and the day of your emancipation will have arrived.

This can only be done by studying the works of the greatest economists. Read Socialist and Rationalist literature, and the writings of the great independent thinkers of the past.

Ninety per cent. of the working class are ignorant because they only read trash, and they are imposed upon in proportion to their ignorance.

According to the latest reports, you intend to sue the Tramway Co. for overtime. Even if you gained the verdict, the Co. would take it out of you in one way or another.

If half the money spent by unions in costly and unsatisfactory litigation was used to educate the workers, what a lot of misery might be avoided, and what a lot of hard-earned money now squandered on lawyers might be saved.

However disastrous a strike may be to the workers, it makes them think. Often, of course, owing to confusion of thought and harrowed feelings, there is a tendency to mistake effect for cause, and to look at the matter from an individual instead of an economic standpoint.

I have written these lines, not with any wish to interfere in matters that belong to the Perth tramway men, but to warn those whose sorrows I have experienced to study the lessons of the past so that the dangers of the future may be avoided, and the day hastened when none will be slaves driven at the will of either private or State monopoly.

The Lessons of the French Strike.

BY H.E.H.

In almost every civilised country in the world at the present time—whether under absolute or limited monarchical or republican rule—there is unrest, political and industrial. In France this unrest has shown itself in the form of industrial revolt. That blood has been shed is the result of the action of a bourgeois government led by a renegade from the working-class ranks. Briand, like his colleague Millerand, is an erst-time member of the French Socialist movement. To-day, in French politics, Briand and Millerand might be said to stand exactly where Fisher and Hughes stand in Australian politics.

The lesson of the French strike comes to us from the military aspect of the situation. They have conscription in France; and, no sooner was the strike declared, than the Premier ordered the strikers to mobilise, and take charge of the railways under military rule. One of the penalties for disobeying such an order is death. What wonder if even the superior industrial organisation of the French workers failed before such a situation?

We want to ask the workers of Australia to take to heart the French lesson. The Federal Labor Party is getting ready the machinery for the working of their criminal scheme of conscription—of militarism. The sons of the working class are to be compelled to become soldiers in France and other conscript countries. What a mighty weapon the Fisher Government places in the hands of the Federal Government itself as the instrument of the employing class. In future days when the Australian workers strike—especially the workers employed by the Federal Government—profiting by the lesson taught by the renegade Briand, the Federal Government will only have to order the unionists to mobilise, and to carry on the public department affected under military rule. As in France, the penalty for disobedience—for refusing to blackleg—may be death!

Is not this, alone—apart from the demoralising, dehumanising, brutish influences of militarism—sufficient reason for working-class revolt against the militarist scheming of the Labor Party?

Another lesson the French strike teaches is the failure of present-day methods of industrial organisation. The Syndicalists of France are probably better organised than their fellow-workers in any other part of the world. Their industrial organisations may have been strong enough to win in this struggle if left to fight it out only with the Railways against whom they struck. But they were faced with the military conditions of the Class State. They were bludgeoned with a political weapon as well as an industrial.

The French strike has failed, as many another economic struggle has failed. Strikers have been shot in the streets, and strike leaders have been flung into prison cells. But it is significant that in every country the workers bring added strength into every recurring conflict. All over the world this is so. From our defeats we learn our weaknesses and the needs that altering economic circumstances create. If the French strike has done nothing else, it will have brought closer together certain hitherto divided elements among the French workers, it will have shown to the Syndicalists the weak parts of their Syndicalism, it will have written in letters of blood in the streets where the echoes of the rifle-shots rang that the workers must achieve class-conscious unity on both the industrial and political field if they would emancipate themselves from wage-slavery.

Let us earnestly hope that the lesson France brings to us of the blood-red curse of Militarism will sink deep in the Australian mind, and lead to that intelligent revolt against the military crime the Labor Party seeks to fasten on us looked for by all clear-thinking students of working-class history.

Following the announcement of Labor Party boogianism against the Socialists at Broken Hill, our Adelaide correspondent reports an organised L.P. effort to break up the Socialist meeting at Port Adelaide last Saturday night.

Comrades Price and Peterson, both of whom have been absent for some months, put in an appearance at the rooms this week. They are both looking well.

Comrades Riley and Denford left on Thursday of last week for Newcastle. During their stay in Sydney they proved themselves indefatigable workers in the cause of freedom.

Our hope lies in education—in that Industrial Unionism which makes for Revolutionary Socialism.

International Socialist Party.

Members are notified that the NEXT GENERAL MEETING will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, on TUESDAY NEXT, OCTOBER 25, 1910, at 8 sharp. Business important. Members are urged to be present.

J. R. WILSON, Secretary.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.
Or, The Dignity of Labor.For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full.

EDWARD LOMAS, a carter employed by Sutton's carrying firm, was kicked in the face by a horse, and sustained a fearful gash right across his face.

C. Chadkan, telephone attendant at Wollongong, was seriously injured through an acetylene gas explosion.

George Caw had his arm broken and shoulder dislocated by a falling pile-driver at Byron Bay.

D. W. Brett, miner, fell down an ore-chute in the South Mine, Broken Hill, and dislocated his shoulder.

At the Pyrmont power house two men—Joseph Smith and Joseph Graham—were killed and another man, James Keogh, was injured through the jib of a crane kicking and precipitating them to the ground, a distance of 50 feet, along with the crane and part of scaffolding.

At the South Mine, Broken Hill, Albert Caine was crushed to death beneath a heavy fall of sulphides.

R. Dimphey was fearfully gashed above the right knee while scrub-cutting at Kilmore, Vic. He bound up the wound, and struggled to his hut, where he fainted from loss of blood. He lay in agony for three days without food, in bitterly cold weather, before being discovered.

John Doolan was run over and cut to pieces by a train at Ingham, Q.

Walter Webber, employed by a tourist agency, has been lost in the snow between Bright and Omeo, Vic.

J. Richards was partly buried by a fall of earth in the South mine, Broken Hill. His skull was fractured, and he was otherwise injured.

J. W. Smith was injured in the arm and abdomen at the Junction North mine, Broken Hill, through an old charge exploding. He died in the hospital.

E. J. Tonkin, while firing one of the boilers at the Junction North mine, Broken Hill, was severely burnt about the hands and face, through the back draught causing the flames to leap out upon him.

Socialist Fables.

The Blood Sucker.

A mosquito alighted on a workman's nose and soon was drinking his blood. The workman made wry faces, but showed no disposition to swat him one.

"This mosquito is certainly very painful," he remarked to a friend who sat by him.

"Then why don't you brush him aside?"

"Impossible," replied the workman.

"Don't you know they have been telling us that to stop the blood-suckers would break up the home?"

"And destroy religion," assented the other.

"It would be against human nature."

"And reduce all to a dead level of equality."

The workman groaned and thought of the beauty of patience. And just then another mosquito alighted on his cheek.—*Lepid to Reason.*

CONFESSION OF WANT OF FAITH.

BY J. H. CORBETT.

O'er the grave in which I tumbled,
No silly fiction need be numbed.

When I to breathe have ceased,
No platitudes need then be read

Re resurrection of the dead,
By any lying priest

In whose testament it is said
Again shall rise the buried dead—

Their Bible that denies,
The Bible called God's Holy Word.

That says, somewhere, something occurred,
And elsewhere this belies.

Its Saviour Christ is but a myth,
A name the clergy conjure with—

Religion's all a lie,
Men's misery—their want and woe,

The treatment of the poor—all show
There's no just God on men.

Answers to Correspondents.

A.M.H., Grenfell.—Received. Thanks.
S.J.B., Childers.—Received. Have forwarded papers, and otherwise followed your instructions. Receipt book forwarded.

E.J.B., Adelaide.—Postcard received. Thanks.

P.C., Sydney.—Will read, and publish decision in next week's answers.

J. BLUMENTHAL.—Thanks. Next week.

H.L.D., Newcastle.—Will use soon as space permits.

W.H., Randwick.—Considering. If decide to print, must go over matter with you first.

"A CLICKER," Fitzroy, Vic.—Boot Factory copy to hand. Will print.

G.M., Adelaide; W.R., Barren Jack.—Writing.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

COMRADE Hocking (who has been one of our constant propagandists in Sydney) writes: "I am leaving Sydney for Gilgandra, and will not be back in the city till Christmas. Please forward my paper to Gilgandra, as I find it a great help in propaganda work; and I intend to spend all my spare time in spreading the gospel of Socialism."

Splendid weather, a large audience, and rattling speeches were the main features of Sunday's Domain meeting. Hirst was chairman, and Wilson spoke on the Class Struggle, Holland following with a magnificent speech on the Martyrdom of Ferrer.

The evening meetings were also largely attended, and splendid work was done.

Comrade Gann made his debut as chairman at the Martin Place meeting, and Wilson spoke of the Australian Labor Party and the Class Struggle.

The Goulburn-street meeting was also a huge success. The chairman was comrade Rutherford, and the speakers Walsh and Slade.

Broken Hill.

A number of Harry Gray's friends foregathered at the Exchange Hotel at 3 on Saturday afternoon to bid him farewell. Mr. T. H. Hogan presided, and presented Mr. Gray with a purse of sovereigns. Eulogistic speeches were made, and Harry suitably replied, touching on events that led up to the severance of his connection with the Combined Union Bakery.

He said that he did not leave Broken Hill of his choice—he had been forced out. While manager of the Bakery he had worked for Socialism, and none could say he had ever subordinated principle to commercialism. He regretted the radiant friends he was leaving behind, but otherwise regretted nothing that he had done in connection with the Socialist movement. He would continue to work for that movement. Among those present were O'Reilly, Travers, Parker, and E. V. Cogan, representing Barrier Group.

On Saturday night the Groupites farewelled comrades Gray and Flynn at Biggs's Hotel. The toast of "Our Departing Comrades" was honored with enthusiasm; and the "Red Flag," and "March of the Workers," were sung. Among other toasts was that of "Peter Bowling." Songs, recitations, etc., filled in a pleasant evening.

On Wednesday night a social was tendered to comrades Gray and Flynn. Groupites were there in force, and among the visitors were Alf. Giles and Harry Ivey. Harry Gray made an effective speech.

On Thursday (Eight-hours' night) a crowd of Socialists were at the station to bid farewell to our departing comrades. As the train steamed out, the "Red Flag" was sung, and hearty cheers given.—6.10.10.

A Word on "Wowse."

BY ISHMAEL.

CONSIDER the ways of the Wowser and his alleged delight in being miserable. On his own authority he is happy when the perfume of cold weak tea is tickling his nostrils. He will nibble at a hard bun that has offered hospitality to the flies in the shop window for a week, and feel proud of the exercise. He would have all women cross-eyed and with fatty degeneration of the ankles on "moral" grounds. The stuffy air of gutt and dreary buildings makes his nostrils dilate with pleasure, and he bites huge chunks of pew-dust therefrom with evident relish. He is partial to twilight. The sun scorches, the darkness frightens him. He generally gives his views through his nose, with a conciliatory drawl. There is an affinity between his own soul and the tray-bit. He can see no beauty in the lines of a thoroughbred, but the zig-zagging mongrel of the well-to-do old lady parishioner meets with his approval. He takes a keen delight in the "little folk," and manifests it by searing them to death with tales of ghosts and prospective punishments for being *naughty*. He has always a good word to say for charity—he lives on it himself. A happy smiling face is to him a mask of sin. An elongated vision means a soul above reproach. He is on intimate terms with the Deity. It is the gospel of Happiness thro' Tears. Submission is the greatest virtue in man—that is to say, WORKING MAN. It is the Will of God that children rot in the slums or die of starvation. It is also the Will that his own bed is soft, his clothes warm, his bingy rounded and sleek. He knows these good things to be a serious menace to his happiness, but he bears his cross manfully. It is on record that a Wowser has been known to engage in a bout with Nicholas the Ancient, and has, alas! been vanquished. Writer remembers one starting a harem, when the Law fell on him with a sickening thud and stopped the experiment. Now, did this man sin or was he doing penance? Of course, it isn't vouchsafed to all of us to be happy as the Wowser is, or to revel in the same sweet joys, but there may be some who would like to try the experiment. Does anyone know of a text-book on the subject? Is there such a work in print as "How to be happy though Schaffer?"

John Verran: Strikebreaker.

On October 13, anniversary of the murder of Ferrer, a curious scene was being enacted in Rundle-street, Adelaide, metropolis of the State of South Australia, which has for its premier John Verran, Cornish miner and Christian man—leader of a Labor Party Government.

The laborers employed by the Neuchatel Asphalt Co. had demanded from the Co.'s manager, A. B. Woolf, AN EXTRA SHILLING PER DAY, and their request had been turned down in one swift, insolent act, the Woolf man, telling the honest workers that they were acting in a most unmanly fashion.

The men affected were, of course, members of the United Laborers' Union—which seems to be the one union left in South Australia with a courageous kick in it. For several days the job was hung up; but on October 14 some half-dozen (more or less) industrial derelicts were pressed into the service of Woolf, and when they turned up to commence operations it was noted that the Labor Government had sent quite a large force of police to protect the scabs and help Woolf through with the work as against the unionists.

The presence of the police itself was surely sufficient to incite trouble, and it is not surprising to read that a collision occurred between the people and the Labor Party's police. With a savagery worthy of—well, worthy of the Labor Party's police, the unionists were attacked, and beaten, and battered with bludgeons carried by John Verran's administrators of Law and Order.

One man was bludgeoned into insensibility, according to the telegraphic messages in the Sydney dailies, and three policemen then "succeeded in arresting him."

On Friday, the 14th, while thousands and tens of thousands of workers were tramping to the polling booths to vote for our middle-class Labor Party, the S.A. section of the same party was causing a large force of armed police to patrol the streets of Adelaide, unionists and peaceful citizens were insolently ordered to move on, strikers who dared to venture near the job where the blacklegs were working under the official protection of the Labor Government were threatened with arrest and jail by the Labor Government; and, as a result of the Labor Government's protection of scab employer and employee the capitalist papers recorded with a note of triumph that "work proceeded quietly."

On the same day, October 14—day of the Labor Party's victory in N.S.W., the S.A. Labor Party also scored a victory—dubious, it is true—over the Adelaide workers. Several of the strikers, who had been flung into jail by John Verran and Co., were dragged before the court on that day, and dealt with just as Gregory Wade or any other leg-ironer might have dealt with them.

One man, Patrick Nash, who had dared to lay his hand on Woolf's shoulder, apparently without injuring him, was sent to jail for 14 days' hard labor WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE.

William Ford was given two months' hard labor, WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE.

James Murray was sentenced to four months' hard labor, WITHOUT THE OPTION OF A FINE.

The magistrate's refusal to give the strikers the alternative of a fine was probably the result of instructions from the Attorney-General, Labor-member Denny.

In any case, these unionists have been sent to jail by the Labor Party for daring to be unionists, and the Labor Government is still providing large police escorts not so much perhaps for the handful of blacklegs as for the boss sweater himself.

When Parliament met on Oct. 13, F. S. Wallis (member of the Typo-

graphical Society, and recently secretary of the Labor Council) in replying to questions by one of the employers in the Legislative Council, referred to the striking unionists as curs and cowards who were careful to see that no police were present before taking certain action.

In the Lower House, on the same day, Mr. Butler, leader of the declared capitalist party, asked Mr. Verran if he was taking all necessary steps to preserve "law and order," and Mr. Verran replied that he was, and while the House cheered he read them the villainous, cowardly instructions he had issued to the police as to the prompt manner in which they were to deal with the strikers.

So brutal, so barefaced, was the Labor Government's treatment of the strikers that, on the motion of H. S. Clarke, redoubtable industrial fighter and revolutionary Socialist, the staid, conservative old Trades and Labor Council of Adelaide almost unanimously carried a resolution that amounted to a stinging condemnation of the Labor Government for its blacklegism and "protested against the brutal and unprovoked assault committed by the police" on the citizens on the 13th, and further entered "an indignant protest against the brutally vindictive sentences passed upon unionists" by the S.M., and calling for a reduction of same.

By a large majority it was also resolved: "That this council enters its emphatic protest against the burlesque of justice committed by the Commissioner of Police, and the class bias shown by him in refusing bail to the unionist (P. Batten) on the 13th instant, after being requested by two justices of the peace to hold a Court for the purpose of granting bail, and we urge the Government to take the necessary action to prevent a repetition of same."

The foregoing proves that when a middle-class party, even though it names itself Labor, starts out to administer the Class State, it is bound to come into conflict with the workers. The compensating feature of such incidents is that every blow dealt out to the honest workers by the hired hooligans of the law resolves itself at last into a thundered protest against Capitalism and makes a solid argument for Revolutionary Socialism. Such incidents, too, go to prove the failure of craft unionism, and to establish the case for Industrial Unionism.

A daily paper reports that Mr. J. Dale, secretary of the U.L.U., when speaking of the Rundle-street strike on Friday night, said that as a war-scarred veteran in industrial disputes he could see in the deeper levels of the trouble the "pay-streak" of success, though it had been said that the strikers were beaten. "The U.L.U.," he said, "can congratulate itself that it has done nothing to incite a riot. At less than half-an-hour's notice the union could have brought to the seat of the trouble from 400 to 600 burly, stalwart navies and rushed Mr. Woolf's scabs and their protectors off the scene as easily as a man could wipe a mosquito off his face. I perceive that the subscriptions are alleged to be pouring in to confer gratuities on the scabs. In less than six months each of them will wish himself, as the American phrase puts it, '10 degrees south of hell's equator.' The Verran Government has shown that to all intents and purposes it is prepared to do on behalf of property and privilege the same things as the Labor Party condemned the Wade Government for doing during the Newcastle strike. The Labor Party has made its choice. The workers at the next election will make their choice."

The slave-owner went hunting for the chattel-slave. The wage-slave reverses this; he goes hunting for his capitalist master. Which slave had the more sense?—*Western Clarion*.

The Telephone Tangle.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

THE telephone, though a comparatively recent invention, has entered so largely into our commercial and social life that to the business world it is now quite indispensable. Nevertheless, unless deprived of its use by a strike of the wage-slaves that work it, the "public" will never realise its value and necessity.

From a wages point of view the telephone worker is the worst-paid individual in the community.

The telephone came into practical use in Australia about the time of the great industrial upheavals and banking crises, when those engaging in the industry were glad of any employment, and there being no scale of wages to go by, a bare existence wage was then accepted, and has since become the standard.

The telephone was first introduced to Sydney as a private venture by the Stock Exchange. Its utility being proved, the Postal Department decided to take it over and work it as an adjunct of the Telegraph Department.

There are matters in connection with the appointment of certain officials, and especially concerning the turning down of Gus. Langeschwerdt, which only Masonry can explain.

The third telephone manager was a Mr. F. Whysall (a postmaster from Broken Hill). Why a postmaster should have been selected in preference to one described by Chief Commonwealth Electrician Hesketh as the ablest administrator the telephones ever had, has not yet been told to the public.

Troubles have come thick and fast in the telephone department, and the workers have had to carry the burden of them. A new board (magneto) was required; plans and specifications were called for, but owing to incompetence and muddle the board was not erected for some two or three years, and was quite out of date by the time it was finished. The money spent on it was absolutely wasted, and the sweated employees had to suffer in addition. Whysall got a move on, and was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Mails. Again the query might be asked: "What qualifications had a Broken Hill P.M. and a not over-successful telephone manager for the position of Superintendent of Mails?"

When Whysall left, a telegraph-master, Blackstone, from Bathurst, was selected (it is said by Sir W. J. Lyne), and in the meantime matters became, if possible, worse.

Totally inadequate supplies were asked for, junction lines refused, and telephone poles allowed to stand that were rotten. A man leaned against one of these, and it fell down (no exaggeration; see report of Royal Commission on the Post Office).

Another telephone board was required (common battery), although erected nearly two years is not all connected yet, and at the present rate of progress, will not be completed in another two years—when it also will be out of date, as wireless telephoning is now an accomplished fact in France.

The staff was absolutely neglected; no provision was made for promotion, and senior male attendants were refused permission to go to fitting shops, because there were no others able to fill their places on the board.

The conditions of the female attendants were absolutely revolting and inhuman, and slavery of the worst type existed. Girls were expected to work the heaviest positions, carrying 100 subscribers, sometimes including half a dozen of the largest firms and Gov. departments, and when they complained they were told they were malingering, or ought to go and get married—they were no good to the Department.

Girls have been known to fall from

the chairs exhausted, while other attendants have been afraid to leave their positions to pick them up. If a return were called for by one of our alleged Labor members, as to how many employees are or have been confined in lunatic asylums, and how many girls have lost their voice for months at a time, the reply would stagger Australia.

Labor Party Methods at the Barrier

BY A REVOLUTIONARY.

A HUGE crowd assembled in Argent-street on Saturday night to hear Mr. Kelly lecture on "Socialism" from the Grand Hotel balcony. But the lecture didn't eventuate. Noonan, the proprietor of the hotel, objected. The local *Miner* had printed an article from a Sydney correspondent accusing Kelly of being brought here by the Liquor Association and saying that the Liberal Party had no knowledge of his departure from Sydney; so Kelly was simply allowed to repudiate the statements of the paper, and in trying to do this he received a rather warm time from the crowd below.

After Kelly had gone, the Reds took possession of the balcony, and told the crowd things about Socialism. Jack Flynn spoke first, and told them Socialism was the only "way out." The straw-hat push hooted and jeered, and standing prominently among the shriekers we noticed Frank Harvey, P.L.L. mayor of Broken Hill. Flynn stood to his guns, and reminded the audience of the coming industrial crisis at the end of this year. He said he was a member of the committee drawing up the workers' demands, and declared that, as sure as the shriekers walked up the streets so contentedly with their straw hats on, they were never more than a fortnight removed from starvation at any time. He charged the Labor Party with being in with the capitalist class, and when they assumed power would jail and leg-iron the workers as willingly as the tyrant Wade had done. The straw-hat gang tried to count Flynn out; but he made his denunciation of Wade and the Labor Party for their villainy in the coal strike in spite of the opposition.

Harry Gray followed with a fighting speech, the hoodlum element still hooting and yelling. The Labor Party's straw-hat brigade sang "Sons of the Sea" to drown the merciless exposure of Wade's tyranny and the Labor Party's treachery that the Socialist was making. The Socialists on the balcony responded with the "Red Flag" and the "Loafer Down Below," the latter being a most appropriate item. To finish up, one of the Socialists hurled a "scab list" down among the crowd, and advised the Labor Party's straw-hatted howlers to see if their names were not on it.

The crowd must have numbered fully 8,000 people, and the opponents of Socialism were in such a condition of thick muddle that they couldn't see the Socialists leaving the balcony, and yelled and howled for fully 15 minutes after the "Reds" had gone.—6.10.10.

The Press Fund.

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All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Features.

DOMAIN—Hirst (chair), Walsh, Mrs. Harris, Rutherford, Holland.
GOULBURN-STREET—Mrs. Dunne (chair), Stale, Rutherford.
MARTIN PLACE—Harris (chair), Mrs. Harris, Walsh, Gann, Hirst.
The Evening Meetings will commence at 7.

Messrs. Jeffries and Johnsing made almost enough money out of it to get into the United States senate.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Our blind friend and comrade, J. H. Corbett, occupies a stand opposite Mark Foy's, where he sells matches. Socialists and Rationalists might do him a good turn without hurting themselves by buying their matches from him when passing that way. A verse of his own making reads:—"Want to have a smoke, and have no vesta? Perhaps with this old bloke; you'll be an investor."

The best propaganda work: Get subscribers for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

STOICISM.

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn.
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
Tis all that I implore;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.
—EMILY BRONTË.

International Notes.

Austria.

According to a report just published by our Austrian comrades, the German-Austrian Social-Democratic Party, consolidated at the Reichenberg Annual Conference, 1909, numbered 126,000, while the votes polled at the Reichsrat election of 1907 by the German Social-Democratic candidates amounted to 511,590. The party has 52 seats in the Reichsrat (the Social-Democrats of all the nations in Austria have 88 seats; the House consists of 516 members). In the Landtags, elected according to various and most retrograde systems, there are 16 German and 15 non-German comrades. On the municipal bodies of German-Austria there are about 1,300 Social-Democrats; 17 small places have Socialist mayors. In German-Bohemia, thanks to the money-bag franchise, there are no Socialists either in the Landtag nor on any of the municipal bodies—though the party possesses 16 of the 55 Reichsrat seats which fall to that part of the country! The party press, though it is of course small compared to Germany, has fine writers at its disposal. Out of the 18 papers published in German, two appear daily (in Vienna and Graz; next year Linz is to be added), four three times a week, nine twice a week and 11 once a week. There is also the *Arbeiterinnen-Zeitung* (working women's paper) the *Jugend-Arbeiter* (young worker), the scientific monthly magazine *Der Kampf*, the *Bildungsarbeit*, the comic paper *Glockenlichter*, a few sporting papers, and 50 German trade union papers.

The trade unions have suffered severely through the fearful crisis and through the separatist movement, which formed independent Czech unions, but at the end of 1909 they numbered 415,256 members. The separatists have 95,000 members.

The co-operative movement numbers 185 societies, with 250,000 members.

The co-operative bakeries in Vienna are able to produce 45,000 loaves of bread daily, and their mills can each day grind 12 wagons of rye.

The women's political organisation has made good progress, its membership having increased since July 1, 1909, from 6,112 to 11,000. The Young Socialists' movement has existed in Austria since 1893, is subsidised by the party and the trade unions, and consists of 170 local branches with 8,000 members.

The Education Committee is doing important work, especially in Vienna, where, on the premises of the *Arbeiterzeitung*, a new hall has been built for the Labor School. A course of one month's instruction for propagandists has for the first time been opened in Bohdenbach, on the German frontier. Thus, the Austrian movement, in spite of the great difficulties which result from the presence of the many different nationalities, is successfully following in the footsteps of the older German movement.

Germany.

The Social-Democrats of greater Berlin protested in thirty-three over-crowded public meetings, held simultaneously, against the meat famine and the Kaiser's speech at Königsberg. Among those present were many women. The police watched over the meetings. The first resolution protested against the agrarians' robber-policy of getting the frontiers closed to foreign meat, and demanded the immediate opening of these frontiers and the abolition of the cattle and corn taxes. The second resolution dealt with the Kaiser's speech, demanding that the Reichstag be immediately convened to take up its stand towards it, and protested against the senseless armaments at sea, on land, and in air. Similar meetings have taken place in most of the large towns all over the country.

United States.

Again the workers have been defeated by the Steel Trust. The long strike of the once powerful Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Fire Workers has ended. The trust will now proceed to clear out from its plants the last vestiges of trade unionism. The American Federation of Labor, at its last convention, decided upon a great campaign against the Steel Trust. It resulted in nothing but pompous petitions and braggadocio. "American unionism," says the *New York Call*, "confesses itself helpless before the trusts."

Karl Liebknecht is to make a big lecturing tour of the States in October and November, his itinerary embracing New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and St. Paul.

France.

A great railway-strike against a minimum wage of 1s 0½d a day took place in the north of France last week. The strike blocked all traffic to Paris, and the city became isolated. The general secretary of the Railwaymen's Union and two other officials were arrested. A partial strike of electricians took place in Paris. The engineer corps (military) were ordered to take the strikers' places, and occupied the electric and hydraulic power stations. The garrison at Paris was considerably reinforced with both cavalry and infantry. The tramway men in Eastern Paris also struck. One hundred and fifty thousand railway men were ordered to mobilise within 48 hours.

The office of *L'Humanité*, the Socialist paper edited by Jaures, was subjected to a fusillade, and an attempt was made to shoot Jaures when he appeared at the office window. The strike leaders were arrested at the office of *L'Humanité* where they had foregathered. The two editors of Herve's paper, *La Guerre Sociale*, were also arrested at Jaures's office.

In a manifesto, the strike committee exposed the illegality of the order to mobilise, and urged the men to refuse to obey the order.

The Central Strike Committee of the Railway Men's Union resolved in favor of a general strike on all French railways.

Later cables assert that the strike is collapsing before the strike-breaking methods of the Government.

Mental Dynamite.

Or Little Lessons to Learn.

BY GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.

Lesson Fourteen: On Fusion and other Parties.

FUSION is like a snake's eye—interesting, attractive, and disastrous. The glitter of a snake's eye is advantageous—to the snake.

The glittering fusion promises held out to Socialists by Liberals, or Laborites, or "independent candidates" are advantageous—to the capitalist class.

There can be no harmony of interests between a chattel slave and a chattel slave's master.

There can be harmony of interests between a wage-slave and a wage-slave's master.

Therefore, there can be no harmony of interests between a wage-slave's political party and a wage-slave masters' political party.

REMEMBER: A political party is a political organisation for the DEFENCE OF THE INTERESTS OF AN INDUSTRIAL CLASS. There are TWO industrial CLASSES—namely, the capitalist class and the working class. One BUYS labor-power, the other SELLS labor-power.

REMEMBER, THEN, for the SOCIALIST PARTY, the working class party: No fusion, no "bargains," no "understandings," no "arrangements" with other parties. ALL other parties stand for the WAGE-SYSTEM, for the labor-power BUYERS.

Lesson Fifteen: On Losing Your Vote.

The chief interest of a chattel-slave is the DESTRUCTION of the chattel-slave labor-system.

The chief interest of a wage-slave is the DESTRUCTION of the wage-slave labor-system.

If you are a wage-slave, then your CHIEF INTEREST is the destruction of the wage-slave labor-system.

What is a vote for?

The proper purpose of your vote is to enable you to defend your CHIEF INTERESTS.

If you, a wage-slave, cast your vote for any political party that does not openly and sincerely seek to destroy the wage-system, then surely you lose your vote.

If you, a wage-slave, cast your vote for a party (the Socialist Party) that does propose the destruction of the wage-system, then you do not lose your vote, for you will be helping to build up the party of your class to conquering, victorious size.

A Blind Man's Letter.

J. H. CORNERT writes: "I should like to join the Internationals. My opinions are identical with those of the writer of 'Why I am a Socialist.' Though not hiding my light under a bushel, I am only a vendor of vestas, and though some of the moderates might think this sort of thing leads to a strike, still the Socialists may not object to a life-long freethinking iconoclast. I am a Londoner; came out here in 1870. In '76 a gun bursting in my hand injured my sight and caused all the voyage of my life to be bound in shallows and in miseries. The hardship and exposure incidental to such a state, and several severe falls down steep banks on my head owing to my blindness, have rendered me almost as deaf as a deity. The lines enclosed herewith [printed elsewhere.—Ed.] are a confession of want of faith, which I carry in my pocket in case I get run over, or asphyxiated with bronchitis, from which I suffer."

A Column of Clippings.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can.

The gulf dividing saint and sinner is neither wide enough nor deep enough to make a song about.

There are four things that come not back:
The spoken word,
The sped arrow,
The past life,
and
The neglected opportunity.

—ARABIAN PROVERB.

No good thing is failure, and no evil thing success.

Socialism means the triumph of the working class.

We should not worry as to who will do the dirty work under Socialism. The capitalist politicians seem to like it.

Think of a workingclass who are supposed to be intelligent, producing all wealth and then handing 70 per cent. of it over to a class who do no work, and at the same time have to get down on your knees in order to get them to grant you this privilege.

He who thinks the voice of discontent can be silenced by persecution of the radicals, should exchange brains with an oyster and take to the silence of the deep.

To-day the surplus product is so great that when heaped upon the heads of the idle class, so far from inciting them to socially useful and intellectual pursuits, it but affords them encouragement for riotous, degrading debauchery. So great is the surplus product for each worker that did he but he retain it himself and convert it into leisure it would give everyone the opportunity of developing into the best of which a man is capable.

When Socialism comes, woman will be considered a human being under the law, instead of the property of man.

Socialist Literature.

Economic Argument for Industrial Unionism (Victor St. John), 91	14
What Life Means To Me (Jack London)	14
What is a Scab (A. M. Simons)	14
Labor Movement in Russia (Sviatlovski)	14
Jones's Boy	14
Economic Foundations of Australian Politics (Conradie Morality)	24
Debate on Socialism (Clemenceau-Jaures)	24
The Capitalist Class (Kautsky)	24
The Proletariat (Kautsky)	24
The Class Struggle (Kautsky)	24
The Socialist Commonwealth (Kautsky)	24
Economics of Labor (H. Quelch)	24
Socialism and the Worker (F. A. Sorge)	24
The Future of Woman (H. Burrows)	24
Socialism and the Survival of the Fittest (J. Connolly)	24
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Revolution (Jack London)	24
Marx on Cheapness (Trans. Rives la Monte)	24
Industrial Unionism (Eugene V. Debs)	24

Anti-Militarism and Anti-Patriotism	34
New Socialist Catechism (R. Bax & H. Quelch)	34
The Materialist Conception of History (Dogmatist)	34
The Wolves (R. A. Watson)	34
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific (F. Engels)	64
Socialism, Revolution, and Internationalism (G. Deville)	64
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Order from O. W. Jorgensen, Secretary, Literature Department, 214 Pitt-street, Sydney.
Also procurable at 61 Goulburn-street.

When Socialism comes, and it will come, the people who are now denouncing it will try to claim the credit for bringing it.

Your forefathers risked their lives for freedom and you honor them. But you will not risk your job or your reputation for freedom.

When Socialism comes, as come it will, religion may mean something, and the home will be an actuality, owned by the people who build the houses.

When Socialism comes, the average man will have an opportunity to know and to be and to do, and will average a great deal higher than he does now.

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Claims will be dealt with at the Executive Meeting each Monday night, and Books will be delivered or posted the following Wednesday.

JUST BEFORE ELECTION, BROTHER.

THE LABOR PARTY'S SONG.

Ver: "Just before the battle, brothers."

BY DANDELIO.

Just before election, brothers,
We are thinking much of you;
How to get the votes of mothers,
Aunties Kate and Sisters Sue!

Chorus.

Cheer up, brothers! You may never
See those horrid strikes again;
For the strikers we'll endeavor
To suppress with jail and chain.

Some declare our party's sleeping
Whilst your masters rule and rob,
But a constant watch we're keeping—
We are always on the job!

Therefore—Chorus.

Yes! Our party never pauses
In this work; nor did we fail
To support Wade's penal clauses
Giving strikers two months' jail.
Hence you should—*Chorus.*

We're aware employing vermin
Rob you on the land and sea,
But our waddies boards determine
What the robbers' share shall be.
But—Chorus.

We're aware that you are plundered,
That you're in an awful fix;
Ninety-four in every hundred
Slaving for the owning six.

Spoken: Never mind, though; if our Jim
gets the Premiership he'll Mac things Gowen
much better. *So—Chorus.*

We're aware this Austral island
All belongs to six per cent.,
Though you proudly call it my land,
You must quit—or pay the rent.

Spoken: Nevertheless, you should be pay-
-rity-otic. Which means that if you can't
pay you should try to pay your superiors
for the glorious liberty you enjoy as wage-
slaves. *—Chorus.*

We're aware, O sisters, brothers,
How you toil your whole lives through,
How you sell your lives to others!—
And our Party weeps for you!

Spoken: Yes, indeed! Jim and Andy wet
their patriotic pillow-slips every night at
election time with large labor tears (nit a
hook) when they think how you poor work-
ing men and women are so unmercifully
fleeced that you haven't even a rifle left
wherewith to defend your employers and
make secure the wealth they have stolen from
you. *But—Chorus.*

When we've fought the present battle,
And our Party grabs the buns,
We shall give you voting cattle
Waddies Boards and Masters' Guns!

(The foregoing reached us unfortunately too late
for insertion in our last issue. —Ed.)

Evolution of the Class Struggle

BY WILLIAM H. NOYES.

(Continued.)

We find now that even among those who
grant that the system of capitalist produc-
tion has produced this distinction of classes,
there are many who believe, like Robert
Owen, that evils are to be overcome by
means of a universal understanding and
agreement among men. Once the truth and
beauty of communal ownership be known,
both classes will unite in establishing the
new order. The thought will father the wish
and the wish will beget the ability.

For the sake of enlightening mankind as
to the wonderful beauty of the new social
order, Owen created New Lanark, in Scot-
land, beginning January 1, 1800. He saw
as clearly as anyone that the cause of present
social evils was the result of the existing
economic system. He remarked that the
2,500 people who worked for him—"my
slaves," as he called them—produced as
much actual wealth for society as barely half
a century before it was possible for a popu-
lation of 600,000 to produce. "I asked my-
self the question, 'What becomes of the dif-
ference between the wealth consumed by
these 2,500 people and that which would
have been required for the consumption of
those 600,000?' The answer was evident.
It was applied to supplying the proprietors
of the establishment with 5 per cent. inter-
est on their investment, beside a profit of
more than £2,300,000 sterling." Owen
thought, once these facts were known, soci-
ety would turn over a new leaf.

He did not reckon with the fact that some
men might not wish for the new order and
would fight against it. He is the type of the
Utopian Socialist, the "Utopist." Utopism
relies on the power of the knowledge of good,
on enlightenment, as if these were the effec-
tive and impelling factors in real life,

"Utopists" have been defined as "all those
kindly souls who hope to allay and overcome
the sufferings of the proletariat by an appeal
to the good hearts of the friends of human-
ity."

The Utopist fails to see that a considerable
part of society, and that the dominant class,
have an interest in keeping things as they
are, and, as long as they have the power,
they will resist any attempt at change. So-
cial order at any particular time is the
manifestation of the balance of power be-
tween contending interests. A Utopist does
not know either the nature or the strength of
the social forces, if he supposes that those
who are entrenched in power can be persuaded
by altruistic appeals to surrender their power.
This belief of the Utopists expresses itself in
the tactics recommended by them. It ap-
peals to men collectively. It repudiates
class strife and political effort by a class. It
expects that the possessors of the means of
production and distribution will divest them-
selves of their possessions and exchange the
old order for the new.

In no country in the world have these
tactics of the Utopists been so thoroughly
tried as in England, and at first sight it
seems as if their success had been remark-
able. Professor Sombart, in his recent book,
"Socialism and the Social Movement in the
Nineteenth Century," shows the fallacy of
such a supposition. It is commonly sup-
posed that the peaceful, unpolitical, purely
trade character of the workingmen's move-
ment in England, in contrast with the "re-
volutionism" of the French movement and
the political agitation in Germany, was due
to the teaching of the "new social spirit" by
Carlyle and the Christian Socialists. "Faith
instead of skepticism," "mutual confidence
instead of distrust," "idealism instead of
materialism," "self-sacrifice instead of self-
ishness," must come into the hearts of men.
(Sombart, p. 58.) "The employer must
become humanised," "The workman must
become manageable." (Sombart, p. 58.)
We are told that, as a result of these ser-
mons, "matters in England have
developed somewhat as follows: 'After
the proletariat for some decades, and finally
in the Chartist movement, had conducted
itself in an unruly way in struggling for its
interests, about the middle of last century it
suddenly became polite, reconciled itself to
the dominant economic order, and made
peace with the employers, who at the same
time had become better men.'" (Sombart,
p. 57.) All this is called a "normal" move-
ment, while the continental movement is
called "abnormal."

Instead of resting satisfied with these
idealistic and altruistic causes of these mir-
acles in the English social world, let us con-
sider this "social spirit" in the light of the
peculiar combination of political and econo-
mic circumstances in England from 1850 to
1880.

During this period England increased her
railway mileage ten-fold and her foreign trade
seven-fold. This means that she had prac-
tically an industrial monopoly which put all
other nations in the shade, that her markets
were steadily enlarging, that financial crises
were rare. As a result there was a steadily-
increasing demand for labor on one side, and
on the other the satisfaction of the employer
made it possible for him to let the workman
"share in the golden stream of profit," espe-
cially in those trades where good workmen
were more profitable than poor ones, and
shorter hours meant harder work or were
balanced by improved machinery.

Legislation in favor of the working man
had some very real causes beside the "social
spirit." The rivalry between the Tories,
agrarian in their interests, and the Whigs,
with manufacturing interests, made a happy
third man (*tertius gaudens*) of the worker.

The Tories legislated in his favor to cri-
ple the Whigs, careful all the time not to help
the farmers, while the Whigs, to intrench
themselves in power, were friendly and made
concessions to the voting working class, so
long as they stayed safely within the limits
of the existing social order. The dominant
interests were reconciled to a conservative
aristocratic trade union, for it was a bulwark
against all tendency to revolution, sure and
strong as no police regulation could effect.
(Sombart, p. 67.) In these piping times of
prosperity every day of a strike meant great
loss, because business was always favorable,
and there were no bounds to the possibilities
of the market. Moreover, "shrewd legisla-
tion in favor of the working men is an ex-
cellent weapon for the large concerns to use
against the small in order to do away with
disagreeable competition." Such are some
of the reasons for the supposed change of
heart of the British employer.

To be continued.

In the Pit.

BY
SYDNEY
PARTRIDGE.

BLACK MONDAY—fire day—has come again.
O God, for another hour of snug blankets
and oblivion! I would I might barter my
soul for that hour. But necessity, nar-
cotised by the person of my Boss, hounds
me from my haven, and I arise to shiver
through a deadly wash, scratch a comb
through my hair, fling on garments in an
ever-increasing velocity as vagrant glances at
the clock show me time hurtling onwards,
make a dash for my hat, pour a cup of
cocoa into my—luckily—cast-iron innards,
snatch a brown-paper lunch and the daily,
and flee as from the wrath to come down
the garden path.

As my feet clang sharply on the frosty
pavement and the pinching air takes my
breath away, I hate everything, myself in-
cluded, and despise most of all the short fat
man I should be meeting at the next corner,
but who by this is far up the street. I
reach the car pumping breath like an en-
gine on the up grade, and hurl myself into
a corner. I glance round at my com-
panions to see that all the usuals are there,
and get surly glances in return. Not one
cheerful face, all sad or gloomy or hateful.
I sink for ten swift minutes into that blessed
dull, and then we are at the point. Out
again and into the boat for another seven
minutes of the paper, on to the Quay and
through the turnstile to the pavement.
Five minutes' rapid walking, during which
I try to settle my brains into a workable
state and to feel less acrimonious to the
world at large and the Boss in particular,
bring me to our doorway, where awaits me
a small crowd composed of one dusty-look-
ing elderly comp., a fair-faced apprentice, a
couple of smart youths, a printer's devil,
and some folders—among whom is a poor
little dwarfed thing, who one day pathetically
confided to me her hatred of her work
which would not have claimed her serfdom
"if only father did not drink."

On Black Monday our greetings are more
muted, and they all troop silently after me
down into the darkness of a crummy
stairway, where I unlock the door into the
Boss's territory. The Boss himself is late,
and for this we all thank God.

"Better late if ever, and better never than
late," says the Devil, who is always the first
to recover.

The Boss is making money—at our ex-
pense in more ways than one—for we all,
machinists, comps., and Devil, are crowded
into one compartment, folders only excepted,
and they retire to a tiny boarded-off section
in one corner. In this room, with type-
boxes overflowing on to the machines, the
ink and the paper and boxes of quads and a
jumble of steel and wooden furniture all
making pi together, we live three-fourths of
our time, and never does God's sun look in
on us except for five minutes at midday.
What wonder that we dream of green fields
and a shining sky?

I take up my "daily round, the simple
task," which is to see that three machines
are kept going—their silence is a deadly of-
fence; to read and correct proofs at top speed
amid their clatter and through a myriad in-
terruptions, and to set all the jobs requiring
a little mixture of brains and an artistic
training. When the Boss is out, to these are
added speech with callers and through the
telephone. Work is sorted out for the comp.,
who is a grafter on the solid, but causes
mourning and lamentation when he essays
the special, and for the apprentice, who is
requested to "dis" the job at present in use
as a paper-weight and that other with the
dust of centuries on it—he was "dis-sing"
steadily all last week and the week before,
but what would you? He is here for our
benefit, and not to learn the printing trade.
God wot, he is lucky if he ever set a line!

The Devil starts to sweep out such odd
spaces as by luck he finds uncovered by men,
machinery or work, with a two-hair-and-a-
half broom, and is heartily cursed by one
machinist for the dust he raises, and finally
has his broom savagely wrenched from him
by the other who has received an uninten-
tional prod in the ribs from the handle. He
departs swiftly from their vicinity, and bur-
rows in the waste-paper box for a job which
turns up missing and is wanted by midday—
as it has been wanted this last fortnight.
The comp. and apprentice, standing back to
back in a slender space, bend suddenly and
simultaneously, and try conclusions with
their nether ends with such force as to send
them both over on their cases. The Boss
comes in and falls over the broom into the
leads-box, which, precariously-balanced on
the edge of an old type-box standing end on,
takes a header on to the floor, and does some
tail scattering. His subsequent language
frightens even the Devil, whose experience of
enraged Bosses cannot lightly be beaten.

Tiring! goes the 'phone. The Boss
attends to it, all civility, hangs up the re-
ceiver and blasphemes some more.

"That — fool of a Taylor wants his
— job—told him it would be ready at
2 o'clock. So it will—2 o'clock to-day
week."

I come up with my little lot. "Say,
Jinks sent back his proofs this morning, and
says he won't have it at any price—he wants
something less elaborate—something plain

and good that will knock you in the eye at
20 yards."

"What! By —! the —!"

If I had the carriage here I'd—I'd—I'd
knock him in the — eye at one yard!"
The Boss's face is suffused with blood—
his eyes start as he struts like a bantam
cock, and in gory imagination plugs the
absent Jinks. The Boss is five-feet-two,
and Jinks rides thirteen stone. I retire
into a corner to smile, while our fiery chief
lets out at the enemy's form fleeing in
vision a terrific right which sends an empty
kerosene tin flying with a hellish din into
the midst of a heap of daintily bronzed
folders just stacked by one of the machinists
in what he considered a fairly safe spot.
This dreadful disaster calms even the Boss,
and he looks broken-heartedly and in a ter-
rible silence at the wrecked pile, which the
machinist is also regarding with grim closed
mouth and numerous eyes.

"Better pick them up, Denny," he says
mildly to the Devil, and goes to interview
the girls behind their barricade. I hear his
voice in expostulation, and presently he
comes back to me muttering: "There's that
Nellie away—her grandfather dead; there's
always some one's sanguinary grandfather
dying!"

He looks at his watch, hurriedly seizes his
hat, and departs to an important interview
with a big firm that advertises largely. A
German band discourses sweet music near by.
Miraculously the machinists find that a bolt
on the platen wants tightening, while the
ink-duct of the dandy-folio requires a turn or
two, and for a short space we are happy and
dream of liberty and the open-air.

Thus passes the day in our pit till 5.15,
when the rush sets in for the small pile of
blackened soap, the bucket of "soap," and
the "board," which in his euphemistic mo-
ments the Boss calls a "towel."

Out then into the stream hundreds strong,
which pours down Sydney streets in the dusk
of day to the Quay. An urgent job had
kept me over long, and I am one of the nu-
merous sprinters from factory, office, or
otherwhere, who unless he would waste ten
precious minutes on a Quay seat must cover
the ever-widening stretch of water between
wharf and boat in one well-calculated leap.
Again at the other side, with an eye to a seat
in the first car, and not to be blocked from
it by the congested crowd struggling through
the narrow gangway, I jump in concert
with many men and a fair sprinkling of
girls from boat to wharf, shoot with the
foremost past the blind organ-player, and
breathless but complacent swing up into a
special for Ridge-street.

For the first time in the day I own myself.

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